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TAXES ARE NOW DUE!

The State, County, Town, City, Drainage and South Park Taxes for the Year 1893

are now due and payable at my office, Northwest Corner Monroe Street and Michigan Avenue. By paying your taxes to the TOWN COLLECTOR it is a direct benefit to you, as TWO PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for Town Expenses.

S. G. MILLER,

Collector Town of South Chicago.

OFFICE.—N. W. Cor. Monroe St. & Michigan Av.

TAXES ARE NOW DUE!

The State, County, Town, City, Drainage and Lincoln Park Taxes for the Year 1893

are now due and payable at my office, No. 259 NORTH CLARK STREET. By paying your taxes to the TOWN COLLECTOR it is a direct benefit to you, as TWO PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for Town Expenses.

EMIL HOECHSTER,

Collector Town of North Chicago.

OFFICE.—259 North Clark Street.

TAXES ARE NOW DUE!

The State, County, Town, City, Drainage and West Park Taxes for the Year 1893

are now due and payable at my office. By paying your taxes to the TOWN COLLECTOR it is a direct benefit to you, as TWO PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for Town Expenses.

JOSEPH KUTINA,

Collector Town of West Chicago.

OFFICE.—161, 163, 165 W. Madison St.

THE SEASON.

Four babies lay in their cradles new beginning to think of "What shall I do The world to brighten and beautify." The Spring baby first said, "Let me try." So she put on a dress of freshest green, With trimmings the loveliest ever seen— Trimmings of tulips and hyacinths rare And trailing arbutus looped everywhere.

How perfectly beautiful," Summer said; "But wait till you see my dress of red And darker green with golden spots, Trimmed with roses and pinks and forget-me-nots."

"Pooh!" said Autumn, "my dress will be A more substantial one, you'll see; With skirt of finest and yellowest wheat, A giraffe of grapes and squash turban neat."

Then Winter came silently tripping along Chanting softly a Christmas song, In a pure white dress with jewels spread, Holding a basket of books on his head. Poems and stories and pictures were there Of the Christ child, the yule log, of folk lore rare.

"I am not in bright colors," he said, with a smile, "But the long winter evenings my gifts here beguile."

—[Helen Adelaide Ricker.]

AUNT JEAN'S ROMANCE.

BY BESSIE MAY TORIN.

And to think! I really hated the idea of going. When Aunt Caroline's letter came inviting me, mamma thought it would be rude if I did not accept the invitation, as she expressed a sincere desire to see me. But, for my part, I had always heard it was the dullest place in Christendom; and if it hadn't been that mamma really insisted, I don't think I would have budged in that direction. Aunt Caroline's displeasure notwithstanding.

But I went finally. It was a queer little village. The houses, trees—everything—seemed so low, I mean, near to the ground, as if all were young, but might grow taller in time.

Aunt Caroline's house was the largest in town, except one that was next door to it; and which was in every point its counterpart and facsimile. The two houses were exactly alike, and with only a brick wall dividing them.

Even the vines and roses on the front porch were alike, as if each had been planned in exact similitude of the other.

Both houses were in the suburbs of the village, and both had a pretty lawn in front.

Aunt Caroline received me cordially enough, but I took to Aunt Jean at once. I never did truly love Aunt Caroline. She was so tall and forbidding. Nobody knew her age, but I supposed it to be a long way into 50. She was a typical old maid. Aunt Jean, on the contrary, was all that is sweet and lovable. Rather short and plump, sweet and fair, with dimples in her cheeks, and the daintiest little plump white hands.

There was nothing so sweet as Aunt Jean's face, and nothing so sad. Yes, Aunt Jean was an old maid, too, but she didn't look it; for she was certainly the gentlest, sweetest creature in the world.

It struck me as somewhat singular that all the windows and blinds on the side of the house next its twin sister were invariably drawn in or pulled down; and neither my aunts nor any of the servants ever mentioned the next-door neighbor, or seemed to be in any way conscious that there was a house on the other side of the brick wall.

That there were inmates to it I knew, for I had seen people on the piazzas and in the garden, notably a very good-looking young man.

One day I boldly put the question to my aunts as to the name and condition of our neighbors; but I was silenced so promptly and so unanswerably by Aunt Caroline, and saw such a painful expression come to my Aunt Jean's face that I dared not press the subject further, yet determined to get at the bottom of the mystery, for it was a mystery, by some means of my own making.

I disliked to question the servants, feeling a delicacy in so doing, but bided my time until something should turn up to unfold the secret.

I had been there about three weeks, when one day I took a book and went down into the orchard to read. I was thrown upon my own resources for entertainment, outside my aunts' society. I really enjoyed chatting with Aunt Jean—for, thus far, I had met none of the young people of the village, which I thought was rather strange.

The truth was—I found out later—that my Aunt Caroline's sharp tongue had made her unpopular; and Aunt Jean was so sad and timid that she was very seldom anybody ever came to the house.

Well, this particular morning I took a book into the orchard, and finding a very "shade nook" where a huge old elm tree stood right up against the wall, making a very pleasant seat with a back to it, I climbed upon the wall, and, deliciously encoined in the "shade nook," I gave myself up to the luxury of an interesting story.

It wasn't a very romantic thing to do, as I was alone, but after a half hour or so I got drowsy and fell asleep against the old elm tree, and presently my book tumbled out of my hand, and of course on the wrong side of the wall. I woke with a start—first, to bless heaven that I had not gone over myself, and then to conclude that it was a most distressing piece of ill luck that my book should be over in the enemy's yard and no means at hand by which to get it back. At this juncture I had the breath taken out of me by a stone that came crashing through the branches within six inches of my head. I scrambled to my knees as best I could in a kind of dazed fashion, to see the good-looking young man not twenty yards away, standing stockstill and covered with confusion. It truly isn't a usual thing in polite society for a young gentleman to throw stones at a young lady. As he hurried to beg a thousand pardons and to explain that he had only seen

my head moving between the branches and thought it was a cat. Mind you, a cat. A yellow cat, too, I suppose, for my hair is yellow. A cat, he said, for which he entertained a most murderous antipathy—a regular rival that had in truth been disturbing both our dreams nightly for some time. Then we began to laugh about it, and it wasn't long before we were chatting away like old cronies.

It was a little improper, I admit, but you know a starving man will not likely refuse a dainty morsel given him, and I was ready to die from loneliness.

Well, after that the old elm tree got to be a regular trysting place, and very soon—but this is Aunt Jean's romance, not mine.

Walter Fairfax was his name. He had come to study medicine with his uncle, Dr. John Fairfax, the owner, and besides himself the only occupant of the next door house. The old gentleman, I inferred from what he said, had in a measure adopted him.

After a good while, with considerable trepidation, I put a few questions to him relative to the feud existing between the two families, and found that he knew as little and was as curious about it as myself.

We soon began to compare ourselves to the Capulets and Montagues; and he said if he was Romeo I must be—but there I go again.

Well, it soon came to this, that Walter loved me and I loved Walter, and we admitted as much to each other and had come to the conclusion that things couldn't go on in this unsettled, unsatisfactory way. Walter insisted upon coming over and speaking to my aunts about it, and when he would take no refusal I promised to mention the subject to my aunts myself. It was a most absurd state of things, and I was determined to get at the bottom of the trouble. I knew that for some reason an allusion made respecting our neighbor was painful, really distressing to Aunt Jean, so I made up my mind to unobscure myself one afternoon when Aunt Jean had gone out by questioning Aunt Caroline regardless of consequences. This I did. I went to her room and found her alone. Aunt Jean had gone for a walk, and without preamble I let it off.

You will not believe me when I tell you the old lady fainted outright. Well, she did; and such a time I hope I will never have again. But I got the secret. It seemed that long ago, when they were young, Aunt Jean and the old doctor over the way had been lovers, but that a few weeks before the marriage the old doctor had just quietly walked off and left Aunt Jean, which almost broke her heart; and for no rhyme or reason that anybody could see had, indeed, stayed off until the last few years, when he suddenly came back one day, and had been at home ever since, for which Aunt Caroline had sworn a vendetta against him and every remote connection of his.

Of course it was very bad for him, and I felt very indignant, but I could not help it, nor yet could Walter; so when Aunt Caroline quietly forbade me ever to speak to Walter again I simply told her I could not and I would not make any such promise. She seemed to regard my loyalty to Walter as the most unprecedented ingratitude and bad faith on my part, and told me plainly that she would write at once to mamma to explain, and upon receipt of mamma's letter I was to pack up and put out for home.

Of course I went straight to Walter, waiting at the old trysting-tree, and wept away my wrath and indignation in his comforting arms. He consoled me by saying that he would come to my home to see mamma about it, and felt sure that he could make it plain to her that he was in no way accountable for what his uncle might have done. He said that in the next month he would be 21, when he would come into some property of his own and—who would think this was Aunt Jean's romance?

Aunt Caroline after this kept such a sharp eye on me that it was almost impossible ever to get a meeting with Walter. But we wrote letters every day and put them into a crack in the wall, which made a nice little post-office.

But the days sped by and mamma's letter came. I did not think it was in mamma to be so cruel and hard-hearted. There is no use to tell you all she said. It was what Aunt Caroline wanted her to say, and it meant that I was never again to have anything to do with Walter, and she said I was to come straight home. Of course all this was kept from Aunt Jean, but I had the greatest mind to tell. The only thing that restrained me was that I hated so to mention the subject to her, hated so the idea of hurting her.

It was the afternoon before the day on which I was to be shipped home in disgrace, when I walked out quietly right before Aunt Caroline's eyes and went down into the orchard to meet Walter. Why she didn't follow I can't see. I guess I looked so sad she was afraid to inflame me any further.

When I got to the elm tree I was surprised to find that Walter was not there. I waited awhile and still he didn't come, so I went to the wall postoffice to see if he had put in a letter. At first I didn't notice anything, but after a while I saw what seemed to be a note poked down into a crack in the broken bricks, almost out of sight and reach. I tugged at it a while, and when I did bring it to light, I found it to be an old, faded, yellow letter that looked like it might be a half century old, and to my absolute surprise it was addressed in a big, manly hand to my Aunt Jean. Evidently this postoffice was not entirely our own. Walter came while I was gazing at the letter, climbed over the wall and was by my side before I was aware of his approach.

He took the letter, scrutinized it, turned it over, as if he could read through the thick envelope, read and reread the address, and—all at once—we both got the idea together. We gazed into each other's eyes.

"Bess, suppose?" It might be

"I know it!" I said conclusively. "There's not a doubt about it. Walter, don't you budge from here until I come back," and I walked straight

back into the house and to Aunt Jean's room, and delivered her the letter.

Dear Aunt Jean. At the first sight of the handwriting she fell a-fainting like an aspen leaf, and—well, when I went back to Walter I carried an answer to that letter. I don't know what it was; not much, I know, only a few words; but Walter took them to the old gentleman, and—

Aunt Caroline had to go to bed. It was too much for her to take in all at once, so she didn't see what Walter and I did. She didn't see the big blessed old Dr. Fairfax walk straight into the sitting-room where Aunt Jean was, and take her into his strong arms right there before us. No. And she didn't see the light in dear Aunt Jean's pretty blue eyes, and the sweetest blush in her pretty soft cheeks. Yes; that was the trouble—the letter that never came. Two proud, loving hearts kept apart all those years.

The window blinds are not kept down now, but there is a little gate between the two yards and a well-marked path. There are vines climbing on both sides of the wall, clasping and kissing it in a most loving fashion.

And if this is really Aunt Jean's romance I think I might add that I did not go home quite so soon as expected, and I hope you will excuse my saying that Walter has a good practice now, and we are going to be married in the fall, and live in the very dear, little, old, pokey village that I hated so at first.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A WATER-SPOUT IN THE WAY.

Narrow Escape of a Vessel in the West Indies.

From an article in Scribner ("On Piratical Sens") which describes a merchant's voyages to the West Indies we make this extract:

We perceived to the right of us the dark clouds in motion at a great distance, and under them a peculiarly formed pyramid which seemed to connect the clouds and the ocean. During the space of nearly half an hour it approached nearer and nearer toward us, in a direction precisely in a line across our vessel. This was a water-spout of the largest class, and caused much apprehension for our safety. I even heard our oldest sailor, Hugh, who was at the helm, make use of the following expression, while the tobacco-juice was trickling from the corners of his mouth: "I have seen many a water-spout, but I'll be blowed if I ever saw one coming so straight on board as this."

During this half-hour we still remained in a perfect calm, the water-spout bringing the wind along with it. We did not spend our time in idle conjecture, but endeavored if possible to avert the impending calamity. It had been stated that a sudden concussion of the air would break the connection of water between the cloud and the sea, and so disperse the descending column before it reached a solid obstacle. I had a large fowling-piece on board which I determined to load and discharge repeatedly in the direction of the water-spout at the proper time. Unfortunately, however, my powder was in my large trunk, stowed away between decks in such a manner that every effort to get at it failed, and I lost the opportunity to test the efficacy of this experiment. At length the moment of our trial drew near. The water-spout passed across us a few yards ahead of our bows, and was rent asunder by our jib-boom, so that the great weight of the water fell on the surface of the sea. Nevertheless, the concussion and turmoil created by the bursting so close upon us was so great, that our vessel went spinning around for some minutes like a block in a boiling kettle, and we were completely immersed in a spray of water and a blast of wind.

Face Painting Among Indians.

There is a remarkable paucity of information on the subject of face painting in the books that purport to tell of the manners and customs of Indians. While its origin has been lost in the mist of ages, there is not a line or mark painted on an Indian's face but has a meaning, full and complete. Not only is this true, but the marks are unchangeable and constant in the tribe from generation to generation, and are laid on with utmost exactness and greatest of care. The markings are of two kinds, tribal and individual. All tribes have peculiar markings for war paint, or for any ceremony that is to be performed, and when an Indian has finished the tribal decoration he places his own private mark in a conspicuous place. This is his family totem or its representative.

When I was with the Sioux it was my fortune to witness the ceremonies attendant upon the application of war paint. A band of Crows had driven off a number of horses of the Sioux, and the Teton chief decided that it called for retaliation. The men who were to take part in the raid assembled about the fire and sang and danced until late in the night. A large amount of red ochre had been obtained from the ferruginous clay of the bad lands, and after this was mixed to a proper consistency the chief dipped a quantity with his left hand and carefully smeared his face with it from his eyes down, smoothing it evenly all over the lower part of the face, leaving the forehead untouched. As he did this he bowed to the fire and said: "As the fire has no mercy, so should we have none."

One by one the warriors stepped up and went through this ceremony, and then the chief placed a small patch of mud under each eye, saying: "My little grandfather is very dangerous as he makes his attempts. Very close do I stand as I go to the attack." The "little grandfather" means a young buffalo bull, which the Teton believe to have been the original progenitor of the tribe. When the buffalo enters into a fight he goes the earth and gets mud on his cheeks. Following the chief again, the other members of the party put the patch of mud on their cheeks, repeating the formula, and then each man took from his private paint pouch a bit of charcoal and painted his individual totem sign on his face. When this was done all were ready for the battle.—[Globe-Democrat.]

CAUGHT WITH FISHHOOKS.

Clean Capture of a San Francisco Pickpocket.

A remarkable story came to light yesterday regarding an experience on Monday night of Charles Osborne, the mining man of Shasta county, with a pickpocket, in which he came off immeasurably best. Osborne has just sailed for South Africa. The story is so unusual as to seem hardly credible, but is vouched for in a way to carry belief.

Osborne arrived here several weeks ago. He is one of the best known mining men in California, having mined for years in the north. He was the discoverer of the Gladstone gold mine, French Gulch, which he sold for \$50,000. As he was on his way to Johannesburg to take charge of some mines and did not know when he would get back, he spent some time here seeing the sights and taking his ease preparatory to starting. While here he sent to Redding for \$1,000, which he received by express. Much of this money he carried on his person, for Osborne is a big, stalwart man, who has been about the world, and is not afraid.

One night over a week ago, when he and his friend, Petty, were out seeing the sights, a light-fingered man touched him for two twenty-dollar gold pieces, which he had in one of his trousers pockets. This was a surprise to Osborne, and set him to thinking. He had never had anything like that happen before, and he was very much annoyed. He said nothing about it at the time, however, but set to work devising a plan for thwarting any similar accident in future.

In a dim way he recollected that he thought some one had put a hand in his pocket on the night he lost the coin. Osborne, as is customary among many mining men, wears substantial corduroy clothes, and these are equipped with unusually strong pockets. In the right pocket of his trousers, therefore, he skillfully arranged half a dozen big fishhooks, each carefully fastened to its place, and in such a way that they would offer no resistance to a hand while being inserted, but the hand would be grasped by the barbs while being withdrawn. Any one of the hooks would hold a ten-pound salmon.

Thus equipped Osborne again started forth. At the corner of California and Kearny streets a fakir was blithely expatiating about his wares, and the mining man stopped to hear what he had to say. Desirous of testing his invention, he flung two or three \$20 pieces carelessly in sight, and then dropped a couple of them in sight of the yawning man below the fish hooks. Then he leaned back and became absorbed in the street-corner oratory. In a few moments, sure enough, he felt a hand going down his pocket. It moved slowly and carefully, but every time the fakir said anything to make the crowd laugh it went down with more confidence. Pretty soon Mr. Osborne felt that he had a man at his elbow who was doing some deep thinking. He knew this by the commotion that had taken place in his pocket. He said nothing, but he knew something was going to happen. It did, when a voice said: "Say, mister, I've got my hand in your pocket!"

"What have you got your hand in my pocket for?" said Osborne, cheerfully. "Why don't you take it out?"

"I can't; it's caught," said the man, looking up and turning pale. "Well, come right down here to a policeman. He will help you take it out," replied the mining man, and he moved off as he spoke, the thief being forced to trot along by the side of his captor.

"Oh, I didn't get any money. For heaven's sake let me go!" cried the thief. Osborne did not care anything about imprisoning the fellow and punishing him further. He declared he would not have minded it a bit if he had lost the additional gold pieces. All he wanted was to see if his trap would work. So he released the fellow and let him go. He immediately ran away, and Osborne returned to his hotel, followed by several people. H. R. Bemis and others examined the fishhook-guarded pocket. It had considerable blood in it from the hand of the would-be thief.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

HUNTING WITH THE CHETAH.

An Indian Sport More Than Two Thousand Years Old.

The Century contains an article on "Hunting with the Chetah," a sport which has been known for more than 2,000 years. It is still sometimes practised in India.

The chetah, commonly known as the hunting leopard, is taken, bound in a wagon, to the scene of the sport. When his prey is sighted and the wagon has been brought sufficiently near, the animal is loosed from his bonds. The following is an extract from the Century article:

In a few minutes, that to our anxious minds seemed interminable, we managed to diminish the distance to the requisite point, and again the straps were liberated. The hood was then slipped from the chetah's head. He saw the animals at once; his body quivered all over with excitement, the tail straightened, and the hackles on his shoulders stood erect, while his eyes gleamed, and he strained at the cord, which was held short. In a second it was unfastened, there was a yellow streak in the air, and the chetah was crouching low some yards away. In this position, and taking advantage of a certain weakness of the ground which gave him cover, he stealthily crept forward toward a buck that was feeding some distance away from the others. Suddenly this antelope saw or scented his enemy, for he was off like the wind. He was, however, too late; the chetah had been too quick for him. All there was to be seen was a flash, as the supreme rush was made. This movement of the chetah is said to be, for the time it lasts, the quickest thing in the animal world, far surpassing the speed of a race-horse. Certainly it surprised all of us, who were so intently watching the details of the scene being enacted in our view. The pace was so marvelously great that the chetah actually sprang past the buck, although by this time the terrified

animal was fairly stretched out at panic speed. This overshooting the mark by the chetah had the effect of driving the antelope, which swerved off immediately from his line, into running round in a circle, with the chetah on the outside.

The tongues were galloped up, and the excitement of the occupants can hardly be described. In my eagerness to see the finish, I jumped off and took to running, but the hunt was soon over, for before I could get quite up, the chetah got close to the buck, and with a spring at his haunches, brought him to the ground. The leopard then suddenly released his hold, and sprang at his victim's throat, throwing his prey over on its back, where it was held when we arrived at the spot. The chetah was then crouching low, sucking the blood from the jugular vein, while tenaciously clinging with his mouth to the antelope's throat. The buck gave only a few spasmodic jerks and appeared to be dead, though probably not so in reality, but only paralyzed by fear. One of the men stooped down and plunged a knife into the buck's neck close to the spot where the chetah still held fast. This coup de grace not only terminated the poor thing's existence, but caused the blood to flow freely, which one of the men proceeded to catch in a large wooden bowl with a long handle, that he had brought for the purpose. When this was full, the hood was thrust over the chetah's eyes, his fetters were replaced, and he was ultimately induced to let go his hold of the antelope by the head of steaming hot blood being slipped under his nose. Into this dainty reward for his trouble he at once plunged his head, and with ferocious eagerness lapped up the whole of it.

Ticket Cancelling.

The exigencies of railway passenger traffic have led to the invention of most ingenious machines for the cancellation, dating and registering of tickets. In one machine, designed for turning out tickets rapidly for street railways, ferries, etc., the individual tickets in a large roll of paper of the required width and thickness are divided from one another by a perforation and a pair of notches, which are also used for maintaining the registering during printing. The strip of paper then passes over a series of wheels, which regulate the frictional tension, to the printing cylinder, from whence it is turned ready for use, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

In other machines tickets can be numbered consecutively from one to any given number. For instance, there is a special "ticket holder and register," by which a web of tickets can be cut up and dated, each ticket being counted and marked as it is being withdrawn, to prevent fraud. The tape is drawn through feed rollers, by turning a handle, and passed between a printing cylinder and a bed cylinder. Upon the printing cylinder is a knife which cuts off the tickets as it delivers them through a slot. A counting device is geared to the printing cylinder, and keeps a register of the operation. It is enclosed in a case, which is normally closed by a locked door. By the use of this machine all troublesome counting of the stock of tickets is avoided, while dishonest officials find an exact account kept against them.

Promoting Ingenuity.

It may not be generally known, says the Railway Review, that Messrs. Denny grant to the workmen in their shipbuilding yard at Dumbarton a sum of money for suggestions for the improvement in plant, etc., likely to facilitate or cheapen production. During the year past fifty-seven new improvements have been considered, and of this number thirty-eight have been successful, fifteen rejected, and four postponed. The total sum expended during the year was \$720; of this sum \$480 was paid in ordinary awards and \$240 in premiums. The number of awards and the amount of money expended are not only much greater than those of last year, but are the third highest in any year since the scheme was started. Fully two-thirds of the total number of claims received were successful, as against an average of fifty-two per cent. for the fourteen years the scheme has been in operation. The workmen in the iron department have this year succeeded for the first time in sending in more claims than those of any other department, while the electrical department has been successful above all others, considering the number of workmen connected with the branch. Since the introduction of the scheme, 602 claims have been received, 313 being successful and 289 rejected. The total sum expended is \$7,400, of which \$5,170 was paid in rewards and \$2,230 paid in premiums. The sum of \$4,840 has been gained by eighteen claimants.

Couldn't Swallow the String.

A woman went into a jewelry store in New York and asked to see some diamond rings. As she was looking at them she directed the clerk's attention another way for a moment, and popped one of the rings into her mouth. She did not notice beforehand that the ring had a tag attached to it by a long string, and when the clerk turned to her, he was surprised to see the tag hanging out of her mouth by the string, which she was making the most extraordinary faces in her efforts to swallow. The string had gotten tangled in her front teeth, and refused to go either way. The clerk disentangled it for her, and also disentangled several pocketbooks which were found in her pocket.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

A Wealthy Church.

The Pittsburgh Catholic says that the Orthodox Church of Russia is so wealthy that it could easily cancel the national debt of Russia, which amounts to one thousand million dollars, and hardly feel it. Its ways of getting this wealth are unique. One is the sale of consecrated wax candles. For example, the cathedral of Kasan in St. Petersburg, sold during the last Easter season more than 38,000 of these consecrated candles.